

PS 3503  
.L25 K3  
1902  
Copy 1

aupeepee

An Idyll of Hawaii

Leopold Blackman











# Kaupeepē

An Idyll of Hawaii

Rendered into Verse

By

Leopold Blackman

Honolulu

William C. Lyon

53300  
Lins. Y. 3  
1902

**COPYRIGHT**

170578  
11



J. H. 770-2 1/3 4.

To My Wife

HONOLULU  
THE MERCANTILE PRINTING COMPANY, LTD.  
1802

Kaupeeree



## Introduction

THE deeds, the valor of KAUPEEPEE—  
The bravest, noblest of a noble race—  
The story of his love, and how he won  
The gentle Hina: won and held her, till  
He, fighting manly, manly took the death:  
Fair Hina, she the splendor of the race  
That drew its life-spring from the gods of yore,  
Who spread, athwart the gloom of dreary flood,  
The fragrant islands of the Southern Sea.



## Kaupeeppee

FROM out the maze of the unnumbered isles,  
That, ever lulled by balmy springtime, sleep  
Upon the mighty sea that sternly thrusts  
The restless West from the lethargic East,  
Came Nanaula—offspring of the gods.  
Then were the days of mist: the days when great  
But nigh forgotten deeds of god and man  
Loom dimly in the first thin ray of dawn;  
Yet not less witness truth than shadows, traced  
By light of night's young crescent, truly limn  
The graceful fretting of the stately palm.

A thousand and four hundred times has earth  
Drawn from the grateful sun her life anew,  
Since, guarded by the gods he bore, who lit  
Each night the beacon of the guiding star,  
And leashed th' elusive wind within his sail,  
Great Nanaula to Owhyhee came—  
The mighty founder of a race of men.

So came he in that long grim barge, that built  
Of massive timbers closely joined and caulked,  
And, need be, might a hundred warriors hold,  
Had constant battled on through unkeeled seas

## Kaupeep

And grimly held her way; impatient cleft  
The long slow rollers with disdainful prow,  
Had met the reeling storm, and proudly hurled  
Its broken waters from her quivering deck,  
Exulting in her proof of mastery.  
Thus Nanaula came to Pele's isles,  
From the far islands of the incensed south.

And with him were his wife, his stalwart sons,  
That towered above the height of mortal man,  
In godlike mien and perfect form that told  
Their wondrous source: the dreaded priests that owe  
Their mystic birth-right to the mystic three—  
Kane, the author of this wondrous frame;  
And Ku the mighty architect, whose skill  
Had wrought the perfect work; and Lono, he  
Who holds the winds and calls with rugged voice,  
And tends the nether fires that roar within  
The earth, and those on high that venging dart  
From out the sullen cloud: and last, but set  
In lesser mould, yet men of noble frame,  
Whose bronzed thews, when winds had slacked  
their aid,  
The ponderous cradle of their race had thrust  
Across the wave, the fathers of a nation  
Yet to be, are given upon the land.

And here they dwell in simple need, and send  
A hardy race through all the isles, and fill



## Kaupēpee

The land with food producing tree and root,  
—The gift of their first home—for ere that time,  
These isles which wanton in a wealth of flower,  
And palm, and cooling fruit, were well-nigh dry  
And empty; beating back the searing blaze  
Of day with quivering breath, and desolate  
And barren from those flames that raged when  
                    earth's

Wild travail hurled them from the troubled sea.  
Thus all the land was peopled, and each isle  
Became a chiefdom, and where'er were men  
Or holy ground, there temples to the gods  
Were piled, where mystic priesthood offered to  
The mystic three, and gods of lesser fame.

And all the land was ruled by simple law,  
That all the land might know and all might  
                    keep;

And since the chiefs and nobles were all men  
Of godlike race, around them and the priests,  
Whose source no man might know, to hold them  
                    from

The common touch, was drawn the dread "Kapu,"  
Whose laws all said: "Obey or die!"—Yet were  
These easy kept, and known to every man.

And all the land was peace, or nearly peace,  
Save when, at times, was fought a hardy war;  
Yet were these not of lust, nor crafty waged,

## Kaupeepee

Nor stained by cruel deed, but of that sort  
That bringeth forth the manly in the man,  
And breeds a manly race.

And thus they dwelt,  
Till from that first were counted fifteen chiefs,  
When from those isles which yielded up this race,  
There came upon the sea a ruthless chief  
Of kindred blood, with many a hideous barge  
Of ruthless men. These, at the first by use  
Of wile and cunning tongue, got for them land;  
Then, as they grew, from over sea, to strength,  
Began a savage war; and now by craft  
And covert act, and now by open power  
Of bitter fight, possessed them of the isles  
Save Molokai, and here and there a land  
Of little worth, which power of caring god,  
Or might of doughty chief, or strength of place  
Withheld.

And now, throughout a land, where late  
Was peace and simple law, was sent the wail  
Of broken people, harried by a foe  
That knew no ruth; until the wailing and  
The people both had ceased. Still were there left  
Those valiant ones of Molokai, and here  
And there a few that could not brook defeat;  
And through the isles the blood of that fierce  
horde

## Kaupeepee

Of second men was nobled by the first,  
Who gave unwilling wives.

Yet was this war  
Of slaughter hardly won; for many a year  
That came with reeking blood and treachery,  
With treachery and reeking blood went out:  
And many a year those distant lands that gave  
A race its birth, doled to a race its death;  
For many a time the mournful sluggish heave  
Of that dark flood gave up a hideous barge  
Of madly howling death, and many a wind  
From over sea bore death upon a fleece  
Of soft white foam. Till, after that red day,  
There came, in part, an end to bitter strife.

Yet was there never peace or rest within  
The isles, such as there was, but ever change,  
And war of wild revenge, which called revenge,  
That echoed black revenge, throughout the  
years.

Nor was there now a code of simple rule  
That all might know and keep. Nor were the  
laws

Of kapu those of reason, such as first;  
But chief and prince who now held cruel sway,  
Presuming on their godlike birth, enforced  
An irksome code of useless laws, that were  
But little understood, but broken paid

## Kaupeepēe

With death. Nor were there now the simple gods,  
But unto these were added awful ones,  
Demanding fearful rites, that slaked their lust  
In blood of man, and scarce might be appeased.

Now, Hakalanileo was of that  
Fierce blood that late had come from Kahiki,  
The seat of our first home. By whom was held,  
By right of might, Owhyhee's land that first  
Is heaved within the glowing dawn. And on  
A day came Uli over sea—Uli  
The augur, mystic prophetess—whose ken  
That looked far down the long drawn way of  
time,  
A sinuous barge had led unto that isle.  
With whom her daughter Hina, wondrous fair,  
Who, yet a child, foretold the glory of  
A perfect womanhood. To these, the due  
Of godly birth and mystic art, was given  
A place within the land. And on the day  
That Hakalanileo saw the child,  
He marvelling at her beauty, mused, and went  
His way: and Uli saw, and seeing read  
The day that was to come. And now the years  
Brought Hakalanileo once again  
To see the child, and musing at her grace  
He slowly passed: and Uli saw, and knew  
That day the sadness of the coming years.

## Kaupeepee

But Hina, all unmindful of the time,  
Rejoicing in mere life and youth, lived out  
The careless days; and learned the art of that  
Far time as fitted her high birth, and knew  
The water as the land: the skill to poise  
Upon the curling wave, and fly upon  
Its crest that hurtles wildly to the shore.

And now she trod the wonder-way that marks  
The passing of the maid, and trembling paused  
Upon the hallowed marge of womanhood.  
All beauty she. Her simple pa'u fell  
From waist to knee: nought else of dress. A lei  
Of bright red blossoms in her hair; and round  
Her throat the kapued golden plumes that tell  
Of noble birth. Her form, pure dignity:  
Of noble height, and stately as the grace  
Of coco palm against a crescent moon  
That hangs upon the silvered night. Her face,  
Pure loveliness. Her eyes, full large and dark,  
Glowed with the dawn of life. Her waving hair,  
Fine as the spider-web and black as night,  
Caressed the soft warm roundings of her form,  
And rippling draped her gleaming skin. Clean  
curved  
And full, her lips; yet not that fullness shown  
By baser blood, but such as tells of youth.  
Her voice, rich, clear, and soft, and full of trills  
And little runs of melody, as hold  
The ear entranced by their pure sweet tones,

## Kaupeepee

Unheedful of mere words. This Hina was.  
All beauty she, and in the radiant dawn  
Of perfect womanhood.

And now again  
Came Hakalanileo back to see  
The maid, and loved; and straight to Uli said:  
"Give me thy Hina, for I would she be  
My bride." Then Uli, augur, sadly spake  
The evil she had seen that needs befall:  
"Not so; no bride for thee." Then once again:  
"No bride for thee." And peering down the long  
Drawn way of time, with darkened eyes: "I see  
The coming doom, that gives her not to thee."  
Then cried he proudly: "Nought is doom to me.  
Long have I loved. Thy doom I nothing fear,  
And therefore shall she be my bride." Then spake  
Weird Uli, mystically, in anger: "'Shall'?  
Now hear me, for I say, though thrice thou be  
That chief thou art. For that one proud word  
    'Shall,'  
Thus say the gods: 'This Hina shall be thine,  
And yet not thine, for soon the winds shall bear  
Her from thee, and thy years shall slowly wear,  
In weary search and helpless longing for  
The love thy prowess could not hold.' "

Then once  
Again that chief: "Thy threats to love are vain.  
But fools are they who fear to take a prize,

## Kaupeepee

Lest they may some day lose. Not such am I,  
And Hina shall be mine, and I, with life,  
Will hold. Thy darkened threats to love are  
nought."

Then she, the augur-prophetess replied:

"Yea so. This Hina shall be thine. Yet shall  
The winds bear her away from thee. For strive  
Ye as ye may, the shadowed fate will come."  
Thus Hakalanileo bore away  
His bride, and proudly scorned the threatened  
doom.

Now through the years the isle of Molokai  
Had held against that second race, by might  
Of right, and stood, alone among the isles,  
Unconquered, unafraid. Whose chief, now near  
The shadowed vale, drew life in line direct  
From that great one who first had keeled these  
seas.

To whom two sons: the first born, he of song,  
Kaupeepee—noble, valiant, true.

Now when he saw the land he loved beneath  
The heavy yoke of foe that knew no ruth,  
That ravened through the isles and had no sate,  
And swallowed all the increase, thus he spake:

"Oh, brother! Long my heart has failed to see  
This desolation on our sister isles,  
—A prey unto a foe of kindred blood,

## Kaupeepee

That rapines without let. These lands, that once  
Were filled with simple people of our blood,  
Know them no more, but this fierce second  
throng

Now lords the remnant with a heavy rule,  
And gluts its fearful greed—a hungry shark  
That tears the helpless flesh, and gulps the life  
And will not be appeased. I dry beneath  
A burning passion for a fierce revenge:  
My brain all madness, and my heart all dead  
To kindness, and the gentle ways of life.

“This cruel foe has shown no pity, nor  
Has slacked its grasp, so will not I. Behold  
I dedicate my days unto revenge,  
And as a scourge will ravage all their coasts,  
And yield the land to wails, and blood, and  
death,

And come upon this alien as a blight  
That blasts in league with darkness. Fear shall be  
On all the harried lands, and added to  
The fear of cruel death, shall be a fear  
That clutches at the heart, for none shall know  
The hand that smiteth. To this end I live;  
Nor shall there come an end until I cease.  
Thine is this people. Thine the birth-right. Yea  
I yield them both to thee. Look that thou keep  
Them sure. Fare-well.” So spake that noble one  
Kaupeepee, and in silence passed.



## Kaupeepee

Now on that side of Molokai that fronts  
The star that holds its constant place, the coast  
Is rugged, broken into bouldered capes,  
And angry foaming gulfs; and all the land  
Is wildly desolate. And there, a range  
Of rugged cliffs is found that thrusts into  
The sea, and lifts its ponderous bulk sheer from  
The surging seas that thunder deep below.  
A land of horror, sinister and wild,  
And boulder-strewn with rocks of awful form.  
A land all torn, and deeply scarred as from  
The fires that hurled them from the womb of  
earth.

A land in shape a club, with haft unto  
The shore—grim threat of coming blood—broad  
out

To sea and flat, and narrowing to the land,  
And all around a towering wall of rock.  
And on each side this hideous land of gloom,  
A gulf of raging sea, that roars between  
That first and other mighty bouldered piles.  
And on all sides are caverns, yawning wide  
Which suck the restless wave, and angry spue  
It forth in gleaming clouds of fleecy spray,  
That ever sudden shoot, and slowly fade  
Away against the blasted walls of cliff.  
And such Haupu's rock—the land of doom.

And hither with a valiant few, all men  
That had a cause against the alien race,

## Kaupeepee

That chief Kaupeepee came. And here  
They built a heiau to the gods, and homes  
For wife and child, and piled a mighty wall  
Of massive rock across the narrow haft  
Of land, and hollowed long canoes, and hung  
Huge stones upon the beetling cliff, to hurl  
Upon the foe; and bode until their strength  
Were sure, and then the time was full.

And now  
Was loosed upon the sleeping shore of all  
The isles, swift death enleagued with night, that  
held  
The coasts in fear. For swooping down beneath  
The dark, those vengers took a heavy toll  
Of spoil and bloody death. For many a maid  
Was borne away to see her home no more;  
And many a spear, with crimson life grew red,  
For love of very hate; and many a home  
Was put unto the torch, to pay a debt  
Of kind. And ere the veil of night was raised,  
Those gliding sombre barks put off upon  
The flood, and passed unseen into the night.

And on a time, the coast of far Wahoo  
Was put to flame and spear, beneath the dark.  
But in the dawn, the fleeing clutch of long  
Canoes was seen—a dark and hideous school  
Of gluttoned sharks—held by the wind, near shore.

## Kaupeepee

And then began a contest wild and fierce;  
For all that coast sent forth its sleuth canoes,  
And all its pride of men, who thrust the wave  
With strokes of bitter hate, and lust for blood.  
And all that day the race was sternly urged,  
And all that day defiant shrieks of war  
Were hurled and counter hurled from foe to foe;  
Till in the eve, the land of Molokai  
Was nearly reached—the avengers hard astern.  
And now that howling horde of alien men,  
With coming blood enflamed, have well-nigh  
Clutched. But this the god that keeps that sea  
Will not, and drapes a darkening mist around  
Those valiant ones, who fade into the gloom.

Yet did not those fierce aliens slack their hand,  
But hasted unto him who swayed that land,  
—The aged sire of that unknown they sought—  
With whom was peace, and cried: “This bloody  
                  scourge  
That blasts our lands is harbored in thine isle.  
Give us the way to seek, that we may sate  
Our lust.” In bitter irony that chief:  
“Go search Haupu’s rock for whom ye lust,  
And wreak such vengeance on him as ye list.”

Then to Haupu’s seas the venging band  
And saw the little few that dwelt secure,

## Kaupeepée

And thought not of attack. And straight re-  
turned,  
From whence they were, and came with eighty  
count  
Of sails, that glided on, until the land  
Of hate was made by night. Then, parting  
ways,  
The hostile fleets give silent for the gulfs  
That cut far in the riven shore beneath  
Haupu's hanging walls, and wait until the dawn.  
And now the east is pale, and putting for  
The sleeping land, those serried lines of war  
Are caught upon a mighty tide, and hurled  
Far up the little beach of soft white sand  
That heads each gulf between the jaws of rock.

And now they leap upon the narrow beach,  
And haste to draw their vessels from the wave,  
And run now here, now there, to find a way  
Above, and gaze amazed at the cliffs  
That overhang the narrow shore. And now  
They pause, awed by the dreadful silence of  
The place, held by the spell of coming doom.  
And even as they stand irresolute,  
The horrid roar that crashes through the cloud  
When gods are wroth, brake forth, and all the  
lines  
Of cliff that touch upon the sky, descend,  
And cast them to the earth, and hurl, in ire,  
Their battered corpses to the hungry sea.

## Kaupeepee

Yet did a few, of whom their chief, escape  
Within the battered barks, to tell the rage  
Of those fierce gods that keep Haupu sure.  
And thus, their lust appeased, they got them  
back  
From whence they were.

Now when the aged chief  
Of Molokai heard how that few had flung  
The aliens back to sea, he sent, by stealth,  
For then was outward peace betwixt the isles,  
A cloak wrought of the golden plumage of  
The sacred bird that dread kapu but grants  
To chiefs—a cloak of priceless worth,  
That twice one hundred years scarce yielded up  
The tale of golden plumes. And that same day  
The sea gave up a pondërous barge by night,  
Wrung from a sea-borne bole—the mightiest of  
The isles—with well upon a hundred men  
And all their gear of war.

And this huge gift  
Of sire to son, Kaupeepee stains  
All red: from mast to keel one red. And, in  
This scarlet bark of death, sweeps all the seas  
That wash those isles; and at the topmost spar  
A proud kahili flaunts of crimson hue,  
That all the coasts may know and trembling fear.

## Kaupeepee

And now Haupū fills her homes with spoil  
Of untold worth, wrung from the foe. Bright mats  
Of richest dye, and kapa, soft and fine  
As valley mist that melts before the dawn.  
Huge calabashes of rare wood of rich  
Design, and ornaments of ivory  
And shell, rough carved with cunning skill.  
And store  
Of feathered helms and capes, bright red, and gold,  
And green, that tell, each one, how fell the head  
Of some old noble line.

And when that long  
Red death thrust back its scarlet prow to land,  
Deep down with spoil, Moaalii, he  
The fierce shark-god of Molokai, whose veil  
Of dark had snatched them from the closing foe,  
Whose hideous mighty bulk, all draped with  
bright  
And fragrant leis of bloom glared out above  
The cliff, was first done sacrifice. And all  
The land was given to feast, and dance, and song.

Now Hina, bride of six sweet years, was come  
Unto the perfect day of womanhood.  
All glory she, mysterious, beautiful.  
And through the isles her fame was sung, and  
passed  
To Molokai, and thus, at length, to great

## Kaupeepee

Kaupeepee. Now when he, the first  
And mightiest of that distant day, had heard  
Of her, the fairest of that hated race,  
He straight bethought him of his bitter hate.

Then that red barge was filled with proven men,  
And store of war, and food for many days,  
And glided from its haven in the rocks,  
And two days after, came by night and hid  
Unseen within a little rift that cleaves  
The cliffs of Owhyhee. From there, in stealth,  
Kaupeepee came by land alone,  
Unto the place of Hina, she of song.  
And, wondering at the splendor of her grace,  
Unto his hate was added love. Sweet love  
And bitter hate: these two that wrought the doom  
That Uli knew.

And now the silver orb  
Was growing to the full, and hallowed all  
The land. A glory was on wave, and palm,  
And shore. The incense of the fragrant air,  
The wearied moaning of the distant reef,  
The grace of palm, and hill, and curling wave,  
Was all a land of mystery.

Through palm  
And blossomed shrub comes Hina with her maids.  
Awhile she pauses on the yielding sand,

## Kaupeeppee

Then backward throws her shapely head, and  
shows

The perfect lines of throat and neck. Then lift  
Her graceful arms, and shake upon the wind  
Her pride of glossy hair. Now slowly glides  
The all reluctant pa'u from her waist,  
And forth she steps beneath the mystic light,  
—The wondrous goddess of the wondrous place.

The foam receives them in its soft embrace,  
And curls around their gleaming limbs. With  
laugh,

And joyous cry, they cleave the rolling wave  
And ride its toppling billow to the shore.

But all unseen, for many a night that moon,  
A shadow, sinister and black, lies close  
Upon the sea, beneath a jutting ridge  
Of bouldered rock, and patient waits the sign  
That jealous treachery will give. For she  
Who first, ere Hina came, was only bride,  
Will show a flame thrice dipped.

Six nights the barge  
Has sought the shore, and six times stood for sea  
At dawn. But now, behold! the looked for sign:  
A flaming torch thrice dipped!



## Kaupeepee

Then lo! from out  
The shadow glides a slender long canoe  
That paddles softly close within the reef.  
And now it nears the laughing maids unseen;  
And, yet unseen, it hovers near, just as  
The sea bird poises motionless or e'er  
It swoops. Then, with a sudden lusty heave,  
It throws aside the wave and shoreward springs  
Toward the thoughtless prey.

A wild alarm  
Of frenzied flight shrieks on the quiet night,  
As that dark unknown shape, half hidden in  
Its whirling spouts of foam, hurls madly in  
Their midst. With loud exultant yells fierce hands  
Clutch swiftly on the frantic prey, and tear  
The shrieking Hina from the wave. Then with  
A lunge the land is left behind, the long  
Canoe sweeps out beyond the moaning reef,  
Where, looming out to sea, that huge red bark  
Of Molokai!

But, on the fading shore  
A dreadful din of horrid drums clangs out  
Upon the frightened night; and cries and wails  
Are hurled in vain across the wild of sea,  
That listens carelessly unto their woes  
And still roars on in cruel mockery.  
And fires blaze forth, and burning lights that flit

## Kaupeepée

Among the palms, until the fleeing land  
Leaves all around the barge a raging wild  
Of sea.

Two days are gone, and Hina lies,  
All misery and dull despair, within  
The home of that remorseless scourge between  
Whom and her race there burns undying hate.

Within a room that glows with soft clear light  
Of the kukui nut, she weeps alone.  
All the rich booty of that early day  
Was there, torn with red hand and ruthless strife  
From each reluctant isle. The walls are draped  
With precious mats of costly dye, and hung  
With pendent leis of shell and polished nut.  
The massive beams that show above loom out  
In the dim light, bright stained with pleasing hue.  
Placed next the wall a couch, thick-strewn with  
sweet

Sea grass, and rarest kapa, soft as foam  
And fragrant with the breath of many blooms.  
Upon the floor, thick mats; and through the room  
Are many graceful ornaments of shell  
And ivory, and calabashes of  
Rare woods; and drinking cups, and vessels  
carved

In stone and wood, and priceless feather work,  
That tell of many a wrong throughout the isles.

## Kaupeepee

And as she weeps, uncomforted, alone,  
There comes the fall of feet, the hanging shakes  
Along the wall, its heavy folds are drawn,  
And lo! Kaupeepee!

Low she lies,  
Her form pressed to the couch, all misery.  
He pauses, held before her grief in awe,  
And then: "O Hina, weep not thus. My heart  
Is torn to see thee lie so sad. I love.  
Forget, and some day ——" Up she sprang,  
in wrath  
And, pouring forth fierce thoughts, confronted him.

"Not that! Thou hated man of blood! Not that!  
Or liberty or death. I hate thee! Thou!  
Whose hands but now are crimsoned with the life  
Of all these isles! Nay, give me death; for well  
I know that never will thy hated hand  
Unclasp its hungry grip. Yea, give me death!  
Oh how I hate; the fury of my hate  
Will rend me. Couldst thou know the depth of all  
My loathing, thou wouldst, woman though I be,  
In fury smite me—thou that art no man!"

She spake, and once again she sank. Then he:  
"O Hina, well I know that thy great grief,  
Not thou thyself, doth speak. Bear with me yet  
Awhile, and I will briefly show thee all  
My heart.

## Kaupeepee

“Thou knowest how these isles were once  
But peopled with my blood, that dwelt secure.  
Then came this alien line, who with slow craft  
And cruel war have ravished all the land,  
And broken all my people, save a few  
That dwell in scattered lands of little worth.  
All this, while yet a child, I saw, and held  
Within my heart red hate. And when the time  
Was near that I should rule, I yielded up  
My due of birth, the chiefly office and  
The people for revenge. And all these years  
Of blood have been but to repay in kind.  
And when I heard of thee and all thy pride  
Of matchless beauty, forth I came to fill  
Revenge.

“I came to thee in hate, but now,  
Behold, I come in love. O Hina, dost  
Thou think that I, who took my life to gain  
A prize, will give it lightly up? And shall  
I when my hate and love both bid me keep?  
Beloved, dost not thou, too, know, not chance  
Hath met us twain? No common man am I:  
No common woman thou. The gods all will  
We love, and Hina be it so.”

He paused,  
And through the room was silence, save the low  
Dull moaning from the couch, and voices of

## Kaupeepee

The restless wind without. And slow time  
    stayed,  
Yet they two were unmoved, until at length  
The moaning sank and feebly passed away.  
And when the wasting flame was casting black  
And wierdly dancing shapes along the floor,  
She looked, and saw indeed no common man.  
His mighty manhood towered aloft, and in  
The failing light she traced the massive thews  
And godlike mouldings of his perfect form.  
And, in his noble brow, she read nought else  
But majesty and godly manliness.  
Then, in her inmost heart, she knew the gods  
Would have it so.

But on the night the winds  
Bore Hina far away, and wrought the doom  
That Uli knew to be, confusion raged.  
As, when the hive is spoiled its sweetness, fierce  
Excitement swells aloud, and blindly drives,  
From out the plundered home the raging hordes  
That whirl themselves in burning fury to  
And fro, enraged at all the world, in vain.

So on the coast of Owhyhee, the fierce  
Loud cry for vengeance went aloft, and wild  
Dishevelled women ranged the dark, and sent  
The weird long moan of wailing through the  
    night;

## Kaupeepce

And men put forth in haste along the coast,  
And by the paling moon, that leagued with  
wrong,  
Groped vainly through the gorges of the cliffs.

And Hakalanileo, he whose pride  
Had nothing feared the coming doom, and  
scorned  
Impending fate, raged through the night, aflame  
With useless fury, mad with hate, and torn  
With longing for the love his prowess could  
Not hold. So raged he on till dawn was near,  
To little purpose, purposeless—enraged  
With grief. Then, with the light, began a quest  
Throughout the isle that left no place un-  
searched;  
And after many days, came to his home  
All broken with despair.

Then cried he to  
Dark Uli: “Woman, ye whose sight sees  
through  
The coming years, reveal me where to seek  
Her whom I mourn!” Then Uli, auguress,  
Replied: “The end is hidden from me; for  
To see were to reveal, and thwart the doom.  
Long have I gazed upon the time to come,  
But only this is mine to say: ‘She, whom  
Ye seek, doth live, and when the gods shall will,

## Kaupeepee

'The winds shall bear her back again. Than this,  
All else is darkness.' "

Then in sorrow went  
Great Hakalanileo back, and with  
A band of proof, passed over all the isles,  
And came to every chief and told the wrong,  
And his great sorrow got him aid. And when  
He came to temple, there, if so he might  
Appease the angry gods whom he had scorned,  
He sacrificed and offered priceless gifts  
In vain. And every ancient one that traced  
The destiny of man among the stars  
Was asked in vain. For all was darkened.

Thus  
At length, he got him back, despairing of  
His search of two long years.

Then for a time  
He lived in weariness, until his grief  
That would not die, drove him in madness forth  
Through all the isles again, till once again  
His fury spent itself in part, to grow  
Anew into a goad to drive him out  
Once more. And thus were slowly wasted, on  
A score of years, until, before its time,  
The snow was on his brow, and all his strength,  
Save that of love and hate, was well-nigh spent.

## Kaupeepee

Now all these years the sons of Hina came  
To manhood. Kana first of birth, a man  
Of art and strategy, whose towering bulk  
Stood great among the mighty race of chiefs;  
And bold Niheu, a man of valiant deed,  
Whose massive thews had held the furious tide  
On many a stubborn day.

And year by year,  
As Uli told the wrong, these vowed their lives  
Unto revenge, and lived for this one end.  
And Uli, ancient augur, through the years,  
With awful rite and incantation fell,  
Each god invoked in vain. For time was not  
Fulfilled, and all was dark.

Till on a day,  
The brothers came anew to vow revenge  
To Uli, and to hear pronounced the spell  
That venomed their black hate. And as she  
called  
On every god, behold a rigor seized  
Her frame, and thus she stood with out-stretched  
arm  
And shaded eyes, that looked far down the long  
Drawn misty way, and cried: "The veil has  
passed!  
Behold, on fell Haupu's rock, her whom  
Ye seek!" So spake and foaming fell.



## Kaupeepee

Then came  
Those two fierce men unto their aged sire,  
Great Hakalanileo, crying both:  
“The darkened veil has lifted, and behold  
Haupu’s walls, thy wife our mother, hold.”  
Then he: “Not so. For three years since I came  
To that red scourge, Kaupeepee, who,  
My wrong delivered, straightway offered aid,  
And threw his stronghold open to me, if  
So be I wished to view. Yet did not I,  
Believing in the very frankness of  
The man.”

Then spake Niheu: “Look ye for truth  
From him whose every act unto his race  
Hath been but blood and cruelty? Despite  
This very frankness is she there. And we  
Will tear this haughty bird from his foul nest,  
And fling his hated brood to feed the sea,  
And sate the altars of our gods.”

Then spake  
Great Hakalanileo: “Do your will.  
The people and the land are yours in this;  
Yet bide I here. Yours be the battle and  
The victory be yours. The flood of time  
Has gone well-nigh above me, and my days  
Are almost told. Yet shall I not go hence  
Until my Hina come. Go ye and bring.”

## Kaupeepée

Then went the word of battle through the land,  
And every chief within the group that had  
A cause against the foe, was straightway bid,  
So be revenge were good, come sate his lust.  
Then sudden expedition seized the isles,  
And through the scattered coasts was heard, by  
    night  
And day, the murmur of the coming war.  
And spears of wondrous size were shaped, in length  
Three men, and clubs of stone wrung from the rock,  
And endless count of smooth-ground stones to sling  
Upon the foe; and fleet canoes were wrought  
In haste from boles of mighty bulk, that, borne  
From unknown worlds, the welcome sea made gift;  
And massive barks of two-fold length were shaped,  
To right the wrong of thirty savage years.

And now the mighty force, with all its store  
Of war, is met and ready to embark,  
But first the awful gods must be invoked,  
And many struggling victims sacrificed  
With cruel rite, until they be appeased.  
Then in the dawn the fleet of war, that counts  
Upon twelve hundred barks, and darkens all  
The sea, puts out from Owhyhee to make  
The southern shore of Molokai, for there  
The succors from the isles of far Wahoo,  
And Maui, and the scattered lands that bear  
The scar of that red brand of Molokai,  
Are met.

## Kaupeepee

And in the van is Uli—she  
Who told of coming doom and leads revenge.  
High on the deck of a long bark that breaks  
The wave with stern twin prow, she sits and peers  
With eager eye far down the way of time.  
Her wasted form is bent beneath the flow  
Of untold years, whose many lines cut deep  
The haggard face. Her hair blows loose upon  
The wind—a cloud of whitest foam that throws  
About the brow of some black time seared rock  
Of Molokai. A withered arm is raised  
About the dimming eye, to clear the way  
Of fate. And all around are mystic charms  
That rule the days of man, and images  
Of hideous shape, whose awful lust will be  
Appeased with curs'd Haupu's blood. Upon  
A hearth of stone and earth, there blazes at  
Her feet, the fire, that never may be quenched  
Until the end of savage doom be come,  
Which throws weird odors to the air in clouds  
Of heavy smoke.

Next come, in ponderous bark  
That cleaves the rolling wave beneath the thrust  
Of two long lines of blades, the sons of Hina.  
On their brows rich helmets blaze beneath  
The sun, all golden with the sacred plumes.  
And on their stalwart shoulders priceless cloaks  
Of downy feather work, that fall beneath  
The knee, all gorgeous with the dazzling sheen

## Kaupeepee

Of black and crimson plumes. And far aloft  
Is flung a blood red pennon to the wind  
That the fell land may know.

And last the long  
Extended fleet of war canoes sweeps on,  
As drives the pall cast by the scudding cloud  
Athwart a sunlit plain. The dip of twice  
Ten thousand blades throws back the morning sun,  
And far above, in pompous pride, swells out  
The bright expanse of nigh a thousand mats  
To leash the northern wind.

Thus all that day  
The coming war thrusts sternly on towards  
The land of hate; and now the garish orb  
Of day glides down within the rugged clouds  
That hang above the distant rim of sea,  
Until calm night enfolds the grateful world,  
And darkness slowly deepens, and the barks  
But loom as phantoms gliding through the night.  
When lo! from out the trembling west, there glows  
A wondrous light, which creeping gently o'er  
The face of night, with faintest crimson lines  
The fleecy clouds, until at length it tints  
The distant east. And brighter grows the night,  
Until the silvered clouds are all aglow  
With softest crimson in a burnished sky,  
And all the west is but one ruddy gold.

## Kaupeepee

Then, with a sudden cry, there springs athwart  
The gorgeous night a gaunt black form with hair  
Upon the wind and withered arms upraised  
Unto the skies, that cries the end of doom.

“Haupu! thou accurséd land of hate!  
Thy cruelties recoil upon thee, and  
Behold, the brand is lighting! Land of woe,  
That liftest thy proud head into the skies,  
And vauntest in thy length of savage deeds,  
Thy day of pride is setting in a west  
Of universal red; and after that,  
Chill night, the fear and silence of the place  
Of death, shall compass thee for evermore.

“And thou, Kaupeepee, whose vile tongue  
Could fawn in falsest friendship on the man  
That thou hadst wronged, whose savage bark  
has left

A trail of blood through all the seas, behold!  
By these dark rites, I wreak thy final doom!  
And all thy people done to death by spear  
And flame, I give thee to the will of these  
Fierce men whom thy red hand hast wronged.

Yet is

My perfect hate unsatisfied, for still  
Will I pursue thee to that place where thou  
Shalt pass from hence, and in the depths of Po,  
Shall come upon thee my fierce power to hound  
Thee evermore.”

## Kaupeepee

She paused, and on the fire  
That smouldered at her feet, she threw a dust.  
And now the hungry flames leap to the height  
Around her hands, to sink and hissing rise  
As those gaunt talons swiftly lift and fall.  
And ever as she gave the awful rite,  
A fearful incantation fell in that  
Weird tongue of the first time, which none but she  
Could frame, whose telling loosed the joints of all  
That heard with fear.

And from the fading sky  
The glory slowly passed, and darkness fell;  
And through the air there went the chilly touch  
Of night. And all the wild of sluggish sea  
Was silent, save the lapping of the wave  
And tapping of the cords above.

Now when  
Kaupeepee heard the bruit of war  
To come, he knew the time of final fight.  
And passed unto that chief who late had come  
Unto the sway of Molokai, to whom  
Himself had rendered right of birth, and said:  
“Oh brother, the full tide of blood of all  
These savage years flows back upon my land.  
A mighty host of war, from all the lands  
That know my hand, is soon to put to sea.

## Kaupeepee

“ And now I know my day is come, for this  
The gods have told. Yet would I leave unto  
Our kin, untouched, this isle of Molokai:  
The heritage of our long line of sires.  
Now therefore, brother, since this foe may not  
Be stayed, make thou a league with them and give  
Them passage to Haupu's land through thine.  
So shall this land be left unto our seed  
Unscathed, and so revenge shall light on me  
Alone.

“ But now I know we never more  
Shall meet, for I go hence. Yet fear I not,  
For ever have I seen this day. But e'er  
That time, shall be a fight, such as there ne'er  
Has been in days of man. Then shalt thou hear  
How I, Kaupeepee, fell. Farewell.”  
So spake and slowly passed.

Meanwhile the strength  
Of all the distant coasts is come to land.  
Two thousand barks well forth their men—a  
swarm  
Of flies attracted by the coming death.  
And now is sent to him who swayed that land  
To give them passage to the foe; which straight  
Is granted. Then the host, that night encamps  
Upon the shore; and Kana, he who leads  
The sea, next morn puts from the land and rounds

## Kaupeepee

The isle with half a thousand war canoes.  
And fierce Niheu, across the rugged isle,  
Leads his wild hordes of aliens, till the dawn  
Shows him upon the summit of the hills  
That close Haupū in; and, looking down,  
He sees the long black line of Kana's barks  
Stretched wide, a mighty arch, far out to sea  
Around the land of hate.

And one brought word,  
In fear, about the morning watch, to brave  
Kaupeepee that the hills and seas  
Are black with war, to whom he smiling said:  
"So shall our spears not miss!" But when  
He saw the mighty force on land and water,  
Kaupeepee knew the day of doom  
Was near.

And, looking down from out  
The hills, dark Uli knew the day of doom  
Was come, and standing on a riven pile  
Of rock against the sky, she fiercely raised  
Her haggard arms and wildly cursed  
The foe.

Meanwhile, that chief Niheu, has sent  
To brave Kaupeepee, the demand,  
His mother, Hina, straight be yielded up.



## Kaupeepee

To whom that noble one replied: "Come thou,  
With all thy hungry horde, and take!"

Then, with  
A countless band of warriors, fierce Niheu  
Descended from the hills and threatened all  
Haupu's rear, and wildly ranged around  
The walls, and harassed all the line of war  
In petty fight, if so he might distract  
The foe from sea.

But all that morn, the war  
That Kana leads has bided silent on  
The watch; and now it flings, upon a wave  
Of monstrous bulk, far up the surging gorge.  
Then, dashing through the foam, the shore is  
gained.

With wild triumphant yell, the feeble few  
Who guard the long canoes and bar the way,  
Go under in the frenzied rush. And now  
The valued barks are reached, and with huge  
rocks

And ruthless clubs their fragile sides are crushed.  
And on the dreaded barge, whose hated keel  
Has reddened every sea, the raging foe  
Dash wildly in their frantic hate, and hack  
Its ruddy thwarts with axe and club. But now,  
While yet the flood of blind revenge holds them  
Forgetful of the foe, the rocks above

## Kaupeepee

Descend upon them as they rage beneath,  
And all along that frowning blackened cliff,  
The earth is torn and trembles with the weight  
Of falling death; and all the gorge is choked  
With blinding dust which slowly clears. Then  
down

The rocky way, with spear, and club, an axe,  
Kaupeepee hurls upon the foe.

And now the troubled waters of the gulch  
Are crimsoned with the life of shattered men,  
And closely packed with hideous forms, that toss  
In awful helplessness upon its waves,  
And turn, with every heaving of the sea,  
Their limbs and staring faces to the day.  
And, struggling wildly in the crimson foam,  
The remnant seek to right the barks that have  
Escaped the general wreck, while raving on  
Their flanks Kaupeepee hangs with his  
Fierce maddened horde, who club, and hack, and  
thrust,  
Their cruel weapons in the struggling flesh.

But Kana, he who led the fatal day,  
Strove valiantly, like to a god, and held  
His panicked men, and raged among the foe  
With dreadful carnage. Whom he crossed, he slew.  
And fain would he Kaupeepee meet,  
But gods will not, for ever as the sway

## Kaupeepee

Of battle brought them nigh, the heavy tide  
Of execution stayed their feet and held.

At length the sated slayers slowly tire,  
And Kana, towering far above, withdraws  
His broken few within the shattered barks,  
And so regains the sea, with deed of might  
That holds the foe appalled. From thence he tears  
Vast boulders from the bed of sea, and hurls  
Them fiercely on the thwarted foe. And he,  
Kaupeepee, saw and cried amazed  
With admiration: "This is Kana! I  
Have heard of him. Lo, he too is a man!"

Then went the savage band with reddened signs  
Of war, among the heaps of vanquished foe,  
And such as yet had life received the axe  
And spear. Yet were the few less scathed reserved  
To fill the waiting altars of the gods.  
And, thus adorned with gore and struggling prey,  
Haupu's walls received them back. And all  
That night was crimsoned with triumphant fires;  
And frenzied joy and fierce defiance passed  
Upon the winds, to tell the host without,  
What welcome waited such as came unlooked  
To grim Haupu's rock.

Meanwhile the camp  
Of the enleagued chiefs was wildly moved

## Kaupeepee

With madness of revenge. For that stern fight  
Three thousand men of proof had left upon  
The rocks; and all that day the foe was seen  
To feed the bruised corpses to the sea.  
Yet was their purpose firmly held to wipe  
The scourge away.

And Uli goaded them  
To frenzy with fierce taunts, and offered up  
The rites of blood, and traced the awful signs,  
And in that weird lost tongue invoked the gods,  
And wildly shrieked the end of doom.

Then spake  
The leader of the land, that chief Niheu:  
"This heavy day has not all been in vain,  
For now, their vessels lost, the prey is sure.  
It profits but to hem Haupu close,  
And slowly wear the foe with constant strife  
Of little count, until he waste away  
With toil and weary watching. Build we now  
A moving wall of massive timbers joined,  
And, thus protected from their whizzing bolts,  
We'll slowly creep upon the foe, and hurl  
These savage robbers from the world.

And this  
Advice was good. Then came the fierce horde  
down

## Kaupeepee

Into the plain, and well without the wall,  
Slung fast a murderous hail of smooth stone bolts  
Upon the pent-up foe. Yet were they not  
Unscathed, for in the fort, close set behind  
The massive rampart of piled rock, were lain  
The men who sling and ever find the mark.

And thus were slowly wasted many suns.  
But all that time the timbered rampart grew,  
And slender trees were wrested from the hills,  
In length three men, like to Haupū's walls.  
And these were lashed together, side by side,  
In tens; until, at length, they lay across  
The narrow haft of rugged land. Then, to  
The top of every part, were fixed long poles,  
And, with a mighty heave, the rampart reared  
Its long extended bulk of quivering beams  
Aloft into the skies.

And Uli saw,  
And knew the day of long impending doom:  
And brave Kaupeepee saw the time  
Of final fight was come.

Meantime the throng  
Of second men withdrew them from the grip  
Of slowly closing walls. And day by day  
The threatening mass of wood moved silent on.

## Kaupeepee

And day by day the worn defenders slang  
A constant flight of stony bolts in vain—  
Howbeit a few found rest within the skull  
Of some too vaunting foe. And night by night  
The watchmen watched in vain; and even those  
Who left the wall to rest, could find no sleep;  
For time again the frenzied wild alarm  
Of false attack went shrieking through the night,  
Until the eyes of all were heavy, and  
The reins and minds were worn.

And, in the mist  
Of middle dawn, the prey would gaze upon  
The lessened space, and mutely meet upon  
The shrinking ground the number of their days.

But yet full many a frantic rush leaped from  
Haupu's wall, if so the moving threat  
Might be hewn through or burned. And many  
a time  
The narrow space was red with mingled blood,  
And strewn with swollen men, until the air  
Was one corruption, and the alien nigh  
Had passed away, but Uli goaded on.

And in the fort was sickness from the air,  
And child and mother slowly died, and men  
Of prowess failed. Yet was the stubborn pride  
Of valor undismayed, although the fight  
Was to the death.

## Kaupeepee

And ever moved the wall  
Of doom, until, six spears without the fort,  
It paused. Thus, for three lengthened days, it  
stood -

With ominous and threatening frown, while from  
The summits of the opposing walls, each foe,  
Through those long days and nights, hurled  
vengeance and  
Defiance on the foe. And in the fort  
The worn defenders stood with short gripped club  
And waited for the end.

At length there came  
A blackened moonless night, with howling wind  
And storm from over sea. And in the dark  
And roar of striving skies, behold! the wall  
Of wood is trembling down its sinuous length,  
And stealthy feels its way upon the foe!

And smaller yet, and smaller, grows the space.  
And nearer comes the bulk, until, just as  
The east is paling, the two sloping walls  
Are wedded at the base. Then, with a heave  
Of many thousand backs beneath the props,  
That mighty bulwarked mass, with awful lurch,  
Swerves through the air and crashes with the roar  
As of the travail of the nether world,  
Upon the wall of rock.

## Kaupeepee

Up swarms the band  
Of aliens as the tide. And, first to gain,  
Were great Niheu and Kana—gold from crown  
To heel with sacred plumes that glitter in  
The blushing dawn with gleaming ruddy light.  
Upon their heads the graceful helmets of red  
And gold, and from their massive shoulders flow  
Like cloaks of dazzling sheen. Their bronzed  
limbs  
Of dress and shield else bare, and in their hands  
The quivering ihe poised aloft. And thus  
They stand, two gods, against the glowing sky,  
And urging on their men, plunge downward to  
The fray.

And, after them, there clomb a horde  
Of hungry aliens that out-match the foe  
As ten to one. And now the awful scream  
Of carnage roars apace, and in the dim  
Low light of dawn the day of death begins.  
There fights Moi—fierce warrior-prophet he—  
Who from the isle of far Wahoo has fled  
In haste to join Haupu's fate with his.  
To whom Kaupeepee gives the wall,  
While he himself upholds the second line,  
Far down the narrow land.

With massive axe,  
Adorned with crimson helm and gleaming cloak  
Far thrown upon the wind, ranged brave Moi,



## Kaupeepee

And scattered death among the second men.  
But Kana marked the awful work, and cleft  
A path of blood, and came at him enraged:  
"Vile traitor to thy land of birth! This day  
Thy curséd flesh shall feed the sea, and thy  
Rich spoils shall proudly tell on far Wahoo  
How a false rebel fell."

So cried, and sprang,  
And sent a dreadful blow full at the foe.  
But, with deft art, Moi quick turned the club,  
Which yet nigh found its mark, for, bearing down  
The guarding axe, it brake the shoulder blade.  
But, with a mighty swing, that awful axe  
Flew back, and curving swift aloft crashed through  
The golden helm. Wide fling the arms, down  
crook  
The massive knees, and with a heavy lurch  
Proud Kana sinks to earth.

But fierce Niheu  
Had seen the hateful deed, and with a lunge  
Of his huge weight, he drave the crimsoned spear  
Deep through Moi's full breast.

And now the wave  
Of second men has rolled above the few  
Who guard the wall. Yet leave they there a toll  
Of death full thrice the vanquished tale.

## Kaupeepee

Then down  
The narrow haft, all red with war, they rush  
Upon the steadfast band that bars the way.  
And here Kaupeepee stands at bay,  
All red and golden in his sacred plumes,  
—A man of god like majesty—around  
Him throng his valiant men of proof, in close  
Array of spear and club and battle axe.

Now flings the first wave of the howling horde  
Upon the little band, and straightway breaks  
And backward reels, as reels and breaks the wave  
Before Haupū's unmoved cliffs of rock.  
And wave flings after wave, and yet that band  
Of noble men holds firm and proudly shakes  
Them broken back. Till, cumbered with the heap  
Of slain and dying foes and their own dead,  
They slowly backward give and form anew.

And yet the foe hurls madly on, until  
Once more the pressed defenders give.  
And all that fight Kaupeepee fought like to  
A god: his golden plumes all rent and smeared  
with gore.  
And every place he paused in fight, a heap  
Of broken corpses marked the stand.

And yet  
The foe rolled dense, and ever dense rolled on,

## Kaupeepee

For number numberless. And yet the small  
Heroic band grew less and less, and gave  
Way stubbornly, until a score of men,  
All breathless, full of sweat and gaping wounds,  
Are brought to their last fight, beneath the gods  
That fiercely glare above the heiau wall.

And, as they fight and slowly thin their ranks,  
They see the blazing of their homes, and hear  
The wild despair of wife and child. But still  
They hew and thrust, and yet hurl back the foe;  
And still Kaupeepee, wet with wounds,  
Slays on; till, borne by very numbers, he  
And five red men are flung, all blood, within  
The portals of their house of gods. But now  
The wild devouring flames have seized the pile,  
And forth they spring upon the foe to death.

Round close the savage aliens on their prey.  
But still those valiant ones strew death, until  
At length, that noble heart, Kaupeepee,  
Of the heroic stand survives alone  
Fast breathing out his crimson life from full  
A score of wounds. But yet he proudly shakes  
The howling aliens from his flanks, and brings  
Down many a foe. Till lo! his heaving side  
Is opened with a gash that nigh has cleaved  
The seat of life; and reeling with pure pain  
And failing light, his gleaming eye grows dull.

## Kaupeepee

But as he sways to fall, behold! a man  
All bright with golden plumes, stands from the  
                  throng  
Of battle—Niheu—son of Hina he.

Then swift uplifts the arm of that spent chief,  
Kaupeepee, poising in the air  
The deadly ihe for the last fierce thrust  
Of death. But even as the gleaming spear  
Is quivering e'er its flight, the dimming eye  
Sees in the manly form the noble grace  
Of her he loves.

Down sinks the arm, down drops  
The spear, and as he droops he crieth: "Live!  
Not for thy sake but hers!"

Thus fell the doom;  
And round Haupū's blackened walls of cliff  
There wails the moaning wind and troubled sea,  
And evermore has closed the desolation  
Of the place of death.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 799 660 5